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The Musical Captain

OR: THE

FALL OF VICKSBURG,

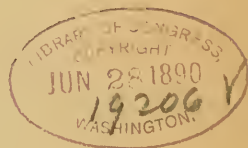
A D R A M A

OF THE LATE REBELLION,

IN FOUR ACTS:

—BY—

W. Burt Emerson.



—O—

— TO WHICH IS ADDED —

A DESCRIPTION OF THE COSTUMES—CAST OF THE CHARACTERS—

ENTRANCES AND EXITS—RELATIVE POSITIONS OF THE

PERFORMERS ON THE STAGE, AND THE WHOLE

OF THE STAGE BUSINESS.

—O—

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—O—

—CLYDE, OHIO:—

AMES' PUBLISHING CO.

THE MUSICAL CAPTAIN.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

PAUL PARKER.....	<i>The musical captain</i>
WILLIE PARKER.....	<i>The little drummer</i>
JOHN PARKER.....	<i>A patriotic father</i>
LEVI LIVINGSTON.....	<i>Later a colonel</i>
GEORGE PORTER.....	<i>Gen. Banks' aid</i>
MIKE O'FLARRY.....	<i>Color bearer</i>
GENERAL GRANT.....	<i>U. S. A.</i>
GENERAL BANKS.....	<i>U. S. A.</i>
GENERAL SHERMAN.....	<i>U. S. A.</i>
CORPORAL MILLER.....	<i>U. S. A.</i>
PRIVATE SMITH.....	<i>U. S. A.</i>
CAPTAIN FLETCHER.....	<i>C. S. A.</i>
CAPTAIN HILL.....	<i>C. S. A.</i>
JOHN WILSON.....	<i>A Rebel guard</i>
COLONEL FRANK ROSS.....	<i>A villainous traitor</i>
MRS. PARKER.....	<i>A true mother</i>
FLORA PARKER.....	<i>A loyal sister</i>

—X—

COSTUMES.

PAUL PARKER—*Act 1*—Civilians suit. *Act 2*—Captain's uniform.
Act 3—Old man. *Act 4, Scene 2*—Major General's uniform.

WILLIE PARKER—*Act 1*—Common boy's suit, knee pants. *Acts 2 and 3*—Drummer boy's uniform.

JOHN PARKER—*Act 1*—Civilian's suit. *Act 4, Scene 2*—Black dress suit.

LIEUTENANT LIVINGSTONE—Lieutenant's uniform.

GEORGE PORTER—Aid's uniform.

MIKE O'FLARRY and PRIVATE SMITH—Privates' uniforms.

GENERALS GRANT, BANKS and SHERMAN—Generals' uniform.

CAPTAINS FLETCHER and HILL—Confederate Captains' uniforms.

JOHN WILSON—Confederate privates' uniform.

COLONEL FRANK ROSS—*Act 1, Scene 1*—Colonel's uniform. *Act 3, Scene 2 and Act 4, Scene 1*, C. S. A. General's uniform.

MRS. PARKER—*Act 1*—Afternoon dress. *Act 4, Scene 2*—Mourning.

FLORA PARKER—*Act 1*—Stylish dress. *Act 4, Scene 2*—Mourning.

—X—

Time in representation—2 hours.

—X—

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

R., means Right; L., Left; R. H., Right Hand; L. H., Left Hand; C., Centre; S. E., [2d L.] Second Entrance; U. E., Upper Entrance; M. D., Middle Door; F., the Flat B. F., Door in Flat; R. C., Right of Centre; L. C., Left of Centre.

R.

R. C.

C.

L. C.

L.

*. The reader is supposed to be upon the stage facing the audience.

THE MUSICAL CAPTAIN: OR, THE FALL OF VICKSBURG.

ACT I.

SCENE I—Parlor well furnished—COLONEL ROSS seated C. reading letter. PAUL PARKER seated L. reading paper.

Paul. (looking up from paper) Colonel, have you heard the latest news?

Colonel. Do you refer to the bank robbery which occurred last night?

Paul. No, no! Far worse than all the bank robberies in the world combined. Listen to this and you will soon learn to what I refer. (*reads*) "Fort Sumpter fired upon. The Rebels under General Beauregard open fire from Sullivan's Island at 4:20 a. m. Special from Charleston, S. C., April 13. At 11 p. m. of the 11th, General Beauregard again addressed Major Anderson, asking him to state at what time he would evacuate Fort Sumpter if unmolested, and was answered by the major in person, that he would do so at noon on the 15th, should he not receive prior to that time controlling instructions or additional supplies from his government. This answer was deemed unsatisfactory, and at 3:20 of the 12th Major Anderson was duly notified that fire would be opened on Fort Sumpter in an hour. Punctual to the appointed moment the roar of a mortar was heard from Sullivan's Island quickly followed by the rushing shriek of a shell, gave notice to the world that the era of diplomacy and compromise was ended. Soon the thunder of fifty heavy breaching cannon in one grand volley, followed by the crashing and crumbling of brick, stone and mortar, above and around them apprised the little garrison that their stay in those quarters

must necessarily be short unless speedily relieved by a larger and more powerful fleet than the United States now possesses." This, (*turning to Ross*) Colonel, is the news to which I refer.

Col. Then to your question I shall be obliged to answer both no and yes.

Paul. Why both no and yes, Colonel?

Col. Well, first no, because I did not know that the attack had been made, and yes, because I knew that it would be and have been expecting it every moment for nearly a week, so you see it is, and yet it is not news to me.

Paul. (*surprised*) You have been expecting it for nearly a week, did you say? Why, Colonel, what do you mean? But of course you were joking. But, by the way, Colonel, do you think the southerners really intend to make war?

Col. Yes, I am certain of it.

Paul. Then I shall enlist with you to-morrow, and help resent this gross insult to our dear old flag and punish the traitors as they deserve.

Col. You are becoming tragical, friend Parker; but are you really in earnest about going with me to the south?

Paul. Certainly, but why do you ask?

Col. Because if you really intend to go with me to the south, you had better make your preparations at once, as I leave in the morning.

Paul. Leave in the morning? Why, Colonel, what do you mean? Surely you cannot get the regiment ready to start at so short a notice, and you would not leave them and go alone, would you?

Col. Yes, I intend to leave the regiment and go alone unless you wish to accompany me.

Paul. But why, Colonel?

Col. (*rises and hands PAUL letter*) Read this, it will explain sooner than I could.

Paul. (*takes letter—reads quickly*) Why, what is this? I do not understand.

Col. Oh, you don't, eh? Well, it is simply a letter from General Beauregard offering me a brigadiers commission in the confederate army. Now do you understand?

Paul. (*rising*) Yes, now I understand; and not only this, but you, Frank Ross!

Col. Is that so? Pray explain!

Paul. Very well, Frank Ross! From the first day I met you until this moment I have always taken you for a gentleman, a man of principle and honor, but now I understand and know you for what you are—a coward and a traitor to your country. Is that a full enough explanation or shall I go on and tell you what I really think of you?

Col. (*angrily*) By Heavens, you shall answer to me for this insult, you Yankee puppy!

Paul. I shall be ready to do so at any time.

Col. As I leave for the South in the morning, we cannot now meet; but from what you have said I suppose you will enlist, and should you do so I can only hope to meet you then, and if I do you need expect no merey at my hands.

Paul. I shall certainly enlist, and if we meet I shall be ready to give you satisfaction then. But to return to the present! Frank Ross, from this time on, we, who have been like brothers, are stran-

gers. (*points to door*) There is the door, and the sooner you are through it, the better I shall be pleased—and never dare enter it again!

Col. You need not worry about my doing so. This is my last time here, and the day you leave for the south will be your last, for I swear you shall never return! (*exit, R.*)

Paul. So he is gone! It seems more like a dream than a reality. I can hardly make it seem true that Frank Ross, who has since childhood, except the three years he was at West Point, been like a brother to me, should at the first approach of danger turn traitor; but that is the way of the world—those whom we think the strongest are in reality the weakest. But though the whole world desert and betray her, the old flag our ancestors fought and died for on Bunker Hill is the only one I shall ever own as my flag until I join the ranks of and march under the banner of the Almighty!

Enter, MRS. PARKER, R.

Mrs. Parker. Paul, what is this the servants tell me of Colonel Ross?

Paul. The truth, mother, if they tell you that he has deserted the old flag he has pretended to love and joined the ranks of our enemy.

Mrs. P. Yes, that is what they said, but I would not believe it.

Paul. No, nor would I, mother, had he not told me so with his own lips. But I must now hasten to the major and make his cowardly conduct known. (*exit, L., followed by MRS. PARKER*)

SCENE II—*Parlor—table C.—sofa R. C.—chairs R. and L. MRS.*

PARKER and PAUL seated on sofa—FLORA PARKER seated R.

MR. PARKER seated L. C., with WILLIE on his lap.

Mrs. P. Oh, Paul! will nothing induce you to give up the idea of going to this terrible war?

Paul. Nothing, mother; my country needs me and I must go.

Mr. Parker. The boy is right, Mary, although it is sad. His country needs his aid and he must go.

Mrs. P. But, John, suppose he should be killed?

Mr. P. You must not look at it in that light, Mary; look at the bright side always. Don't you remember how his grandfather, a captain in the Revolution, used to take him on his knee and tell him that some day he would win fame and renown in the service of his country?

Mrs. P. Yes, I remember, John, but I never paid much attention to what poor old grandpa said; but always considered it as the workings of a feeble and worn out brain. You know he was nearly a hundred years old when he died.

Mr. P. Of course, Mary, I never put much stress upon what he said, either—but that is neither here nor there—the point is, our flag has been insulted, and our country is in danger and it is Paul's place to help resent the insult and punish the traitors as they deserve. I only wish that I were younger that I might go to.

Paul. Would you have me play the part of a coward, mother, and be remembered by those whom I can now call friends as is Colonel Ross?

Mrs. P. No, my boy, I would sooner place you in your grave

with my own hands than see you in that man's place. (*crying*) But oh, if you should be killed!

Flora. There, mother dear, do not cry! Your trouble is but slight in comparison to others. Think of poor Mrs. Wells whose husband and five boys are all going, leaving her alone, with no one to comfort her, while you will always have father, Willie and I to comfort you.

Willie. (*coming forward*) No, Flora, she will have father and you; but if Paul goes to war, I go to.

Mr. P. No, no, Willie! Papa could not spare his little drummer.

Paul. Father, I have promised Willie that if I go to war I will take him with me; and as Mr. Wells will take him into the band and see that no harm comes to him, I think you had better let him go.

Mrs. P. (*crossing stage*) Oh, why are they not content with taking our husbands and grown up sons? Must they rob the cradle too?

Flora. (*going to her mother and putting arm around her*) Hush, mother, do not excite yourself! (*softly*) He will be perfectly safe in the keeping of Mr. Wells, and it is not at all likely that he will stay a week before he will be homesick and return home where he will ever after be content to remain.

Mrs. P. Well, if so you have decided I shall say no more against it; but why can't we live in peace? Think of the homes that must be broken up, of the wives and mothers who will lose all that in this world they prize most dear, and of the noble lives that must be sacrificed simply because the leaders of two political parties cannot agree. But now that it has gone this far and war has been declared, sooner than see my boys play the parts of cowards, or far worse, that of traitors, I would see them in their graves. But now that they have decided as they have, I simply give them into the keeping of their Heavenly Father, and should he see fit to call them home I shall simply say "God's will be done." And now my prayer is—God protect the stars and stripes, and the noble men who fight for its cause!

(*song—"Star Spangled Banner"*)

END OF ACT I.

CURTAIN.

ACT II.

SCENE I—*U. S. camp—soldiers seated in groups playing cards—table L. C.—CAPTAIN PARKER seated L., reading—LIEUT. LIVINGSTON seated R.*

Lieutenant. Well, captain, here we have been encamped nearly a month and not a gun fired yet! I am getting tired of this kind of warfare and would like to get into action.

Paul. (*who is reading paper*) Such conduct as this would make any honest man wish to get into action.

Lieut. What is it, captain?

Paul. Listen to this and judge for yourself! (*reads*) "Stolly Springs reduced by Van Horns' cavalry! Damage at least \$4, 000.-600! Oxford, December 21st.—The rebels for some time back have

been preparing for an assault upon Holly Springs, and on the evening of the 19th had everything in readiness to make it; but were discovered by one of Grant's scouts who immediately reported it to Grant, who in turn warned Col. R. L. Murry then in command. He did not imagine his capture a possibility, but no preparations had been made for resistance. At daybreak of the 20th, Van Horn burst into the town with his wild cavalry, captured the traitorous wretch who should have defended it, and burned all but the little plunder his men were able to carry off, including a hospital full of our sick and wounded which his adjutant had promised to spare. Our cavalry (2nd Illinois) refused to surrender and cut their way out by a resolute charge in which they lost but seven men. Murry filled up the measure of his infamy by accepting paroles with his men so as to prevent their recapture and save the enemy the trouble of guarding them. Murry, it need hardly be added, was dismissed from the service by a stinging order from Gen. Grant, said order to take effect from the 20th, the day of his cowardly and disgraceful conduct."

Lieut. The traitor! They ought to have hung him. That explains the heavy firing we heard to the north yesterday. I thought that it was near the Springs, but never dreamed of their capture.

Paul. Nor I! But I say, Lieutenant, I wish they would send us into action. I am heartily tired of being a soldier and never firing a gun or seeing a fight. I wish we had been stationed at the Springs. I think Van Horn would have met with a little more opposition than he did.

Lieut. So do I, Captain! I don't believe I would ever surrender. I admire the courage of the 2nd Illinois, who in spite of Murray's commands, were bound to win or die. (*soldiers stop playing cards*)

Private Smith. I say, Captain, give us one of your songs to liven us up a little. We have played cards until we are tired of them and would like some music for a change, wouldn't we, boys?

(*turning to the rest*)

Omnes. Yes, yes! give us a song!

Paul. Well, Smith, I do believe you missed your calling; you should have been a musician instead of a soldier. But if one of my poor songs will do you any good, you shall have it. What will it be?

Smith. Just before the battle.

Paul. Very well!

Sing. "Just Before the Battle"—just before he finishes the chorus for the last verse heavy firing is heard, R.—in rush federal pickets, R., still firing back—federals all spring up and get arms.

Paul. Boys, the enemy is upon us! Sell your lives as dear as possible!

(*more firing, R.*)

Enter, CORPORAL MILLER, R.

—How large a force is it, Corporal?

Corporal Miller. It is Van Horn's unmounted cavalry on their return from the north.

Paul. Comrades, your first fight is before you. We are few in number compared to them. Remember, every shot must tell! Now if any one of you wish to turn back you may do so now.

Smith. Captain, we will stick to the old flag till we win or die!

Paul. Very well, my brave boys! Here they come—let's give them a warm reception!

Enter, Rebels, R., firing—Federals then forward, driving Rebels back, R.—firing from both sides—Federals fall back—PAUL sings chorus of "Rally Round the Flag"—Federals rally and drive Rebels off R.—PAUL falls wounded

Mike O'Flarry. (waves banner) Hurrah, there, boys shoive the blagnards into the river—they'll make illegant fade for the fish!

Lieut. (who is kneeling beside PAUL) Follow the Irishman's advice, boys, drive them into the river, and let them see that although this is our first fight, we are the victors.

Exit, soldiers R.—several have fallen, wounded—LIEUTENANT raises PAUL, who sings "Just After the Battle."

SCENE II—Office—GRANT'S headquarters—table, L. C.—GENERAL GRANT seated at C.—GENERALS SHERMAN and BANKS at L. and R. examining maps—three aids seated back of Generals.

Gen. Grant. I tell you, gentlemen, unless we capture Vicksburg, and that soon—it will make us trouble. With it in their possession, the Rebels control the Mississippi, as you might say, from beginning to end.

Gen. Sherman. I know it, Grant, but with it in our possession could we not control the same amount of territory?

Gen. G. Certainly! and if we knew how strong and in what way it was fortified it would be an easy matter to reduce it; but as it is we can't tell where to strike to accomplish anything.

Gen. Banks. Why don't you send a spy and find out?

Gen. G. Send a spy into Vicksburg, the greatest stronghold of the Confederacy? I hardly think we could find a man brave enough for such a task!

Gen. B. I admit, General, that there are not many men who would care to risk their lives in Vicksburg; but I think I have one man in my command who would go, should you request him to do so.

Gen. G. Where is the man, Banks?

Gen. B. In this city. He was wounded at Castle Point and has since been in the hospital, but is well now and intended to rejoin his company to-morrow; but if you wish I will send for him.

Gen. G. Send for him, by all means! and if he proves as brave as you recommend, and succeeds in his visit to Vicksburg, he will not need to return to his company.

Gen. B. Very well, General, I will send for him at once. *(takes paper and writes)* Here, *(turns to aid)* Porter, take this to the hospital at once, and see that it is forwarded without delay.

(aid takes paper, salutes, and exit, R.)

Gen. G. How did you come to hear of this man, Banks?

Gen. B. He was first brought to my notice through the reports of the battle in which he was wounded. In speaking of him it was always as the musical captain, and when he came here to the hospital, I got acquainted with him and found that he was a musician, and that when his men were homesick or blue he sang them back to

good humor. But you must have heard of him, Grant! He is the one who, when the Rebels were routing his men and had almost won the fight, sang, "Rally Round the Flag," and his men did rally, driving the Rebels into the river, and drowning nearly all that escaped the ball and bayonet, and thus completely demolishing Van Horn's cavalry. You must remember him, General. Why, the Confederate as well as our own papers, were full of his praise.

Gen. G. Yes, yes! I remember him now, certainly! (*looking R.*) But here comes the Captain now, and we shall soon see how his bravery will stand the test.

Enter, Aid R., followed by PAUL—both salute.

Aid. (*announces*) Captain Parker!

(*aid retires*)

Paul. General, you sent for me?

Gen. B. I did. General Grant wishes to have a short conversation with you.

Gen. G. Yes! Be seated, Captain. (*PAUL takes chair and sits half facing audience*) Captain, we are in need of a man to do a very important and dangerous piece of business; and not knowing of any one whom I could trust, General Banks recommended you. Now do you think you could undertake it?

Paul. I will undertake anything for my country, as long as it is honorable.

Gen. G. That is nobly said, Captain; but think well of the danger before you decide. We want no man to go who is afraid.

Paul. I am not afraid, and as I said before—I am willing to go where duty calls me. Where is it you wish me to go?

Gen. G. Well, Captain, we want you to go as a spy into Vicksburg and find out how strong and in what way she is fortified, and in fact, all the useful information you can. You may go now and report in the morning whether you are still willing or not to go, and think well of the danger before you decide. Remember it is only a matter of choice—you are not compelled to go.

Paul. I do not need to wait till morning to decide, General, and as it would waste valuable time by so doing, I will report now that I am still willing to go, and, with your consent and good wishes, I shall start to-morrow for Vicksburg.

Gen. G. Very well, Captain! you not only have my consent and good wishes, but also those of the whole nation. Now I will arrange everything to-night so that you will not need to come here again—coming so often before your departure might excite suspicion, which we must avoid. And as I may not see you before you go, I will now wish you good luck and God speed on your perilous journey.
(*all rise and shake hands*)

ACT III.

SCENE I—Woods—U. S. Camp at night—soldiers asleep—LIEUT. LIVINGSTON seated L., reading—CORPORAL MILLER R. C., writing—Guard at back.

Lieut. Corporal, have you put out a good guard to-night? You know we are now in a hostile country and must begin to look pretty well to the guards.

Miller. Yes, the guards are all right, Lieutenant; have no fear

of them. (*seals up letter*) And now that I have finished my writing, I think I will turn in. (*lies down*)

Lieut. Yes, I am tired myself to-night. We had a long and dusty march to-day and as we have a still longer one to make to-morrow which will bring us in sight of Vicksburg, I guess I will follow your example.

(*lies down—guard paces four or five times across stage*)

Enter, CAPTAIN FLETCHER R., with drawn revolver, as guard faces L. follows guard across to L. and as guard faces R., FLETCHER points revolver at him.

Captain Fletcher. One word and you are a dead man!

Willie. (*awakens—softly*) I am sure I heard voices. (*rises to a half sitting position*) Yes, a Rebel has overpowered the guard—there are probably more of them not far away, and I must warn the boys before it is too late! (*beats drum—shouts*) Comrades, awake! the Rebels are upon us!

Fletcher. Curse you—take that!

Shoots—WILLIE falls—Federals spring to feet—in rush Rebels, R., firing—exit, Federals, L., followed by Rebels—several Federals fall wounded—two or three Rebels stay and plunder wounded

SCENE II—Street Scene.

Enter, PAUL, L., disguised as an old man.

Paul. (*speaks in natural voice*) Well, here I am in the Rebel stronghold, whether I ever get out or not! Yes, here I have been for nearly a week and to-day sent back my first reports, which are enough in themselves to enable Grant to enter Vicksburg; but yet not enough to warrant my returning. And I have learned another thing since my arrival and that is, that the General Ross in command here is no other than Frank Ross, my once best friend and college chum, but now my most hated enemy, which makes it more dangerous for me—for he would detect me, should I for one moment forget myself and drop my disguise, or speak in my natural voice; but I hardly think he will recognize me in this disguise. And after all, I am glad that he is here; it makes victory worth more to me. Yes! To see that villain brought to justice—as he certainly will be if I succeed—would be the happiest moment of my life, and with God's help I cannot fail! (*exit, R.*)

SCENE III—Woods—Rebel camp—soldiers playing cards, etc.—GENERAL ROSS seated at table L. C.—guard at back.

General Ross. I cannot forget the battle of Castle Point, the place where Van Horn's cavalry was so badly demolished. The reports said that Van Horn had nearly won the fight—the Yankees had broken and started to flee, when Paul Parker, the musical captain, began singing "Rally Round the Flag" and that it so inspired his men with courage that they rallied, driving Van Horn into the river killing nearly every man. Now that Paul Parker is no other than my once best friend and college chum; but now—curse him! my most hated enemy! Yes, I would gladly give up my commission and return to the ranks, for the satisfaction of having him in my power! But I never expect to do so, as he was mortally wounded at Castle Point, and I have heard nothing of him since.

PAUL heard without, singing—starts to enter, L.

Wilson. Halt!

(points gun at him)

Paul. (badly scared) D-d-don't point that thing at me—it—it—it might g-g-go off!

Wilson. (still points gun) Have you a pass?

Paul. Say, boss, just put up yer tooth pick extractor, and then I can talk! It hurts my eyes up there! (guard lowers gun) There, that's better! Now I like your ways; but what did you stop me for anyway? Was you tryin' ter scare me? Well, if you was, you'd orter knowed better than ter try and scare one of Stonewall Jackson's men. I ain't afraid of a whole regiment of them there things! (points to gun) Why, once—

Ross. (turns around) What's the fuss back there?

Wilson. Here's an old man who wants to come in, and has no pass.

Ross. Well, let him in! I guess he'll not do any hurt.

Wilson. All right! Go on in, old man—I won't hurt you.

(steps back)

Paul. Hurt you? No, I won't hurt you now that you have put that thing up, (points to gun) and got out of my way; but if you hadn't, by the holy power of Sampson and the bull head luck of Stonewall Jackson, I'd broke every bone in your body!

(walks over toward Ross—guard resumes pacing)

Ross. Well, old man, what do you want, anyway?

Paul. Oh, nothing perticular! Just thought I'd come in and see the boys.

Ross. That's right! But, I say, was that you singing out there a while ago?

Paul. Yes, sir; guess 'twas!

Ross. You are quite a singer, ain't you?

Paul. Well, I used to be; but I lost my voice and I don't sing much since.

Ross. That is sad. How did it happen?

Paul. Well, you see it was while I was with old Stonewall, before I was wounded and came home. It was on one cold windy night, and rather late when I went to bed. You see, I had been on commissary's guard and, of course, slept very sound, and did not notice it; but a large tree blew down, falling right through my tent and across my bed. I, of course caught co'd and lost my voice.

Ross. Why, man, it's a wonder you did not lose your life!

Paul. That's what I thought; but when I told the boys about it the next day they laughed and said there was no danger at all.

Ross. Why, how was that?

Paul. The tree blew down about three hours before I went to bed.

Ross. Well, you sing some yet, do you not?

Paul. Yes, some.

Ross. Well, give us a song, won't you?

Paul. I'll try! What'll you have?

Ross. "Tenting on the Old Camp Ground."

Paul. Will you all help me in the chorus?

Ross. Yes.

Paul. Very well, then!

Sings "Tenting on the Old Camp Ground"—let just enough join in the chorus to make it sound well

Ross. That's good! (*turns to men*) Boys, let's have a game of pedro! (*sits down—starts to play*)

Captain Hill. (*rises and crosses over to Ross—softly*) General, I am sorry to alarm you—but I believe that man is a spy!

Ross. What makes you think so, Hill?

Hill. You know I was with Van Horn on his last raid, and am one of the few survivors of that terrible day at Castle Point, and I am willing to stake my life that the voice we just heard in "Tenting on the Old Camp Ground," is the same one that so inspired the Federals at Castle Point, in "Rally Round the Flag." In fact, I believe he is the musical captain himself!

Ross. (*rising*) Hill, you must be mistaken! The musical captain was mortally wounded that day at Castle Point.

Hill. Yes, that was the report, but it is not true! I would know that voice among a thousand!

Ross. Well, we shall soon see, and if you are right, promotion awaits you! (*turns to PAUL*) See here a moment, old man! I wish to speak to you!

Paul. (*rises and faces Ross*) What'll you have, General?

Ross. (*gazes steadily at him*) Yes, I am certain I have seen those features before. (*snatches off PAUL's beard—steps back*) Paul Parker, what are you doing here?

Paul. My duty!

Ross. Your duty! Yes, and I will soon be doing my duty when I hang you to yonder tree, (*pointing, R.*) as a Yankee spy! But no! hanging is too good for such as you! Yes, you shall be tortured to death, inch by inch, as you deserve! Oh, how I have longed for this hour! Yes, 'tis worth half my life—this one single hour of revenge! (*turns to guard*) Guard, take this man out and put him in double irons, and I shall hold you responsible for his safe keeping. (*guard advances, lays hand on PAUL's shoulder*) Paul Parker, things have changed since we last met; then it was your turn—now it is mine! Do you remember of my telling you that if we met, you need expect no mercy at my hands?

Paul. I ask no mercy at your hands, Frank Ross! Nay, I defy you! Now go ahead and do your worst!

Guard. Come! (*guard and PAUL exit, R.*)

Ross. At last it is in my power to repay him, word for word, and blow for blow; and you may rest assured I shall not forbear to use that power.

ACT IV.

SCENE I—Prison—five or six soldiers lie around in different places.
PAUL sitting on floor at L.

Paul. Oh, will this misery never end? Can it be that they captured the negro by whom I sent my report and that General Grant has never received it? It must be or surely they would have made some move by this time.

Enter, GENERAL ROSS, L.

Ross. So you are alive yet! Curse you! And mumbling to yourself as usual! You have been a prisoner here for over a month, and every time I come near you, you are always mumbling some thing. What do you find to talk about anyway?

Paul. (*rising*) That is none of your business, Frank Ross! You may keep my body a prisoner, but my mind is free to wander where it chooses, and not even you, with all your imagined pomp and greatness can stop it.

Ross. Confound you! How dare you talk to me in that way?

Paul. Why should I not dare to talk as I please to a coward, a robber and a traitor to his country?

Ross. (*draws revolver*) Tell me what you mean or, by Heavens, you die!

Paul. I mean simply what I said, and you prove my words, by your actions. First, a coward—by threatening a sick and unarmed man with a revolver; second, by robbing the bank at home the night before you left to come here. (*prisoners all rise and step L. C.*)

Enter, LIVINGSTON and U. S. Army, L., softly, and form half circle from C. to L.—LIVINGSTON in C., just back of Ross.

—And last, but not least, a traitor to your country by being here, an officer in the Rebel army.

Ross. Curse you! You Yankee puppy, you shall pay dearly for this insult! Aye, (*pointing revolver at him*) you shall pay for it with your life!

Paul. Very well! There, (*touches heart*) is the heart of an honest man—now shoot if you wish!

Ross starts to shoot—LIEUT. LIVINGSTON springs forward and knocks revolver from his hand.

Lieut. Coward! Would you shoot a sick and helpless prisoner?

Ross. (*turns angrily to him*) What does this mean?

Lieut. It means that Vicksburg, the Rebel stronghold, has fallen—and that you are my prisoner. (*MILLER hands PAUL sword*)

Ross. (*making dash at LIEUTENANT with sword*) I'll never be taken! (*two or three soldiers step in front of Ross and lower guns*)

Paul. Hold, men, do not shoot! (*Ross faces him*) Frank Ross, when I drove you from my door, nearly two years ago, you claimed that I insulted you, and said that if we ever met in the South, you should demand satisfaction—and now, as there is nothing to hinder, perhaps you are ready to do so?

Ross. Yes, I am ready and will take your life as I would that of a dog!

Ross makes a dash at PAUL with sword, but is met by PAUL, who has until then kept his sword concealed behind him—they fight a duel—Ross falls C.—PAUL places foot on his breast.

Paul. Behold the Rebels' doom!

THE MUSICAL CAPTAIN.

SCENE II—Parlor—table C. on which lies WILLIE'S drum, draped in mourning.

MR. and MRS. PARKER discovered seated R. of table—FLORA and PAUL seated L., in half circle.

Mrs. P. At last this terrible war is over, and we can once more live in peace. But think of the noble lives that have been sacrificed and among them, that of our little Willie. There (*pointing to drum*) is the little drum he carried through so many terrible battles; but which, alas! he will carry no more, for he has gone to a home where earthly toys are not needed and earthly joys are forgotten. (*crying*

Paul. There, mother, dry your eyes. I know it is sad; but it will do you no good to cry. And now, before I return to the city to resume my duties as a major general in the regular army, let us sing that beautiful song Mr. Root has so kindly written on little Willie's death.

All sing "*We Shall Meet But We Shall Miss Him*" or "*The Vacant Chair*."

THE END.

CURTAIN.

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ACT II. Jarrel's Den, Colorado—Jarrel's despair—"If once I quench this light, my worthless life goes with it, but no!"—Jarrel's two dreams—PHYLLIS, The Beggar Girl—Jarrel's magic hands—"Mark Leon, a friend"—The meeting—"I don't shake hands with a murderer!"—The magic hands again—Bound and gagged—Phyllis to the rescue—The plans—The duel—"Left alone to die!"

ACT III. Rats' Landing—Two years later—Jarrel's return—Si and Bill—Phyllis makes Bill cry—"I—I—I'm m-m-mad!"—Jarrel still plotting—Nancy Rats—"Boss of Rats' Landin', you kin jes' bet your boots?"—Mark Leon—"Victor Jarrel, you here?"—Thunder and lightning—"A storm, I reckon!"—Stricken blind—Harold Stanton—"My child!"—The wages of sin—Phyllis happy.

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31	A Pet of the Public.....	4	2	171	Rough Diamond.....	4	3
21	A Romantic Attachment.....	3	3	180	Ripples.....	2	0
123	A Thrilling Item.....	3	1	48	Schnaps.....	1	1
20	A Ticket of Leave.....	3	2	133	Sewing Circle of Period.....	0	5
175	Betsey Baker.....	2	2	115	S. H. A. M. Pinafore.....	3	3
8	Better Half.....	5	2	55	Somebody's Nobody.....	3	2
86	Black vs. White.....	4	2	243	Sports on a Lark.....	3	0
22	Captain Smith.....	3	3	232	Stage Struck Yankee.....	4	2
84	Cheek Will Win.....	3	0	238	Strawberry Shortcake.....	2	0
225	Cupid's Capers.....	4	4	137	Taking the Census.....	1	1
49	Der Two Surprises.....	1	1	40	That Mysterious B'dle.....	2	2
72	Deuce is in Him.....	5	1	245	Ticket Taker.....	3	0
19	Did I Dream it.....	4	3	38	Tue Bewitched Closet.....	5	2
42	Domestic Felicity.....	1	1	131	The Cigarette.....	4	2
188	Out Prize Fighter.....	3	0	101	The Coming Man.....	3	1
220	Dutchy vs. Nigger.....	3	0	167	Turn Him Out.....	3	2
148	Eh? W at Did You Say.....	3	1	68	The Sham Professor.....	4	0
218	Everybody Astonished.....	4	0	54	The Two T. J's.....	4	2
224	fooling with the Wrong Man.....	2	1	233	The Best Cure.....	4	1
233	Freezing a Mother-in-Law.....	2	1	28	Thirty-three Next Birthday.....	4	2
134	Fun in a Post Office.....	4	2	142	Tit for Tat.....	2	1
184	Family Discipline.....	0	1	213	Vermont Wool Dealer.....	5	3
209	Goose with the Golden Eggs.....	5	3	151	Wanted a Husband.....	2	1
13	Give Me My Wife.....	3	3	5	When Women Weep.....	3	2
66	Hans, the Dutch J. P.....	3	1	56	Woing Under Difficultie.....	5	3
116	Hash.....	4	2	70	Which will he Marry.....	2	8
120	H. M. S. Plum.....	1	1	135	Widower's Trials.....	4	5
103	How Sister Paxe got her Child Baptiz'd.....	2	1	147	Waking Him Up.....	1	2
50	How She has Own Way.....	1	3	155	Why they Joined the Re- becca.....	0	4
149	How He Popped the Quest'u.....	1	1	111	Yankee Duelist.....	3	1
74	How to Tame M-in-Law.....	4	2	157	Yankee Peddler.....	7	3
35	How Stout You Getting.....	5	2	ETHIOPIAN FARCES.			
47	In the Wrong Box.....	3	0	204	Academy of Stars.....	6	0
95	In the Wrong Clothes.....	5	3	15	An Unhappy Pair.....	1	1
11	John Smith.....	5	3	172	Black Shoemaker.....	4	2
99	Jumbo Jun.....	4	3	98	Black Statue.....	4	2
82	Killing Time.....	1	1	222	Colored Senators.....	3	0
182	Kittie's Wedding Cake.....	1	3	214	Chops.....	3	0
127	Lick Skillet Wedding.....	2	2	145	Cuff's Luck.....	2	1
228	Lauderbach's Little Surprise.....	3	0	190	Crimps Trip.....	5	0
106	Lodgings for Two.....	3	0	249	Double Election.....	9	1
139	Matrimonial Bliss.....	1	1	27	Fetter Lane to Gravesend.....	2	0
231	Match for a Mother-in-Law.....	2	2	230	Hamlet the Dainty.....	6	1
235	More Blunders than one.....	4	3	153	Haunted House.....	2	0
69	Mother's Fool.....	6	1	24	Handy Andy.....	2	0
1	Mr. and Mrs. Pringle.....	7	4	236	Hypochondriac The.....	2	0
153	Mr. Hudson's Tiger Hunt.....	1	1	247	Incompatibility of Temper.....	1	2
23	My Heart's in Highlands.....	4	3	77	Joe's Vis t.....	2	1
208	My Precious Betsey.....	4	4	88	Mischievous Nigger.....	4	2
212	My Turn Next.....	4	3	256	Midnight Colic.....	2	1
32	My Wife's Relations.....	4	4	128	Musical Darkey.....	2	0
186	My Day and Now-a-Days.....	0	1	259	Nobody's Moke.....	5	2
44	Obedience.....	1	2	90	No Cure No Pay.....	3	1
244	Old Clothes.....	3	0	61	Not as Deaf as He Seems.....	3	0
33	On the Sly.....	3	2	234	Old Dad's Cabin.....	2	1
246	Otello.....	4	1	150	Old Pompey.....	1	1
57	Paddy Miles' Boy.....	5	2	109	Other People's Children.....	3	2
217	Paten Washing Machine.....	4	1	134	Pomp's Pranks.....	3	0
165	Persecuted Dutchman.....	6	3	177	Quarrel-ome Servants.....	3	0
195	Poor Pilicody.....	2	3	96	Rooms to Let.....	2	1
258	Prof. Bones' Latest Invention.....	5	0	107	School.....	5	0



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NO.	M. F.	NO.	M. F.
ETHIOPIAN FARCES---CONT'UED.			
133	Seeing Bosting.....	3	0
179	Sham Doctor.....	3	3
34	16,000 Years Ago.....	3	0
25	Sport with a Sportsman.....	2	0
92	Stage Struck Darkey.....	2	1
241	Struck by Lightning.....	2	2
10	Stocks Up, Stocks Down.....	2	0
64	That Boy Sam.....	3	1
252	That Awful Carpet Bag.....	3	3
122	The Select School.....	5	0
118	The Popcorn Man.....	3	1
6	The Studio.....	3	0
108	Those Awful Boys.....	5	0
4	Twain's Dodging.....	3	1
197	Tricks.....	5	2
198	Uncle Jeff.....	5	2
170	U. S. Mail.....	2	2
216	Vice Versa.....	3	1
206	Villkens and Dinah.....	4	1
210	Virginia Mummy.....	6	1
203	Who Stole the Chickens.....	1	1
205	William Tell.....	4	0
156	Wig-Maker and His Servant.....	3	0
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